

ABOUKIR BAY;

O R,

THE GLORIOUS

FIRST OF AUGUST.

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

On the signal Victory obtained by REAR-ADMIRAL NELSON,
over the FRENCH FLEET, August 1, 1798,

AND PERFORMED

NINE NIGHTS,

With the most unbounded Applause, at the BRIGHTON THEATRE,

AND AT THE THEATRES,

DOVER, SANDWICH, AND DEAL.

“ The glorious host advance,
“ With mingled anger and collected might,
“ To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
“ How Britain’s sons, and Britain’s friends can fight.”

PRIOR.

BY RICHARD SICKLEMORE.

The Music selected and composed by J. JOUVE, of the King’s Theatre.

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THEATRE, BRIGHTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Abdalla, (Arabian Chief,) —</i>	<i>Mr. KING.</i>
<i>Aram, — — —</i>	<i>Mr. KEYS.</i>
<i>Amtem, — — —</i>	<i>Mr. MORETON.</i>
<i>Yareb, — — —</i>	<i>Mr. NEYLOR.</i>
<i>Hagar, — — —</i>	<i>Mr. PHILLIPS.</i>
<i>First French Officer, —</i>	<i>Mr. FIELD.</i>
<i>Second French Officer, —</i>	<i>Mr. KELLY.</i>
<i>Fetnah, — — —</i>	<i>Miss PERRY.</i>
<i>Britannia, — — —</i>	<i>Mrs. KENDALL.</i>

Neptune, English Sailors, Arabians, French Soldiers, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE, EGYPT.

ABOUKIR BAY;

O R,

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF AUGUST.

SCENE I.

A mountainous part of the country near Alexandria, Arabians discovered in various parts of the lofty eminences as driving their Camels, &c. laden with merchandize; others at the base of the mountains, dancing—cymbals, tamborines, &c. accompanying the dance, by Arabs—suddenly a report of cannon, drums, trumpets, &c. throw all into confusion, music and dancing cease.

Enter Hagar (agitated).

Aram.

SAY, what means this new alarm?

Hagar.

Alas! turn but thine eyes toward yon watery expanse, and soon thou'l learn the reason. Our country is invaded by Gallia's hostile sons, who under the specious mask of friendship would plunder and destroy.

Aram.

Well, hie we to Abdalla, soon our hardy veterans shall hurl destruction on their heads.

B

Hagar.

Hagar.

Would it not be policy civilly to receive them, and make those our friends whom we should fear as foes ?

Aram.

What ! sell our native soil ? perish first !

Hagar.

They court our friendship.

Aram.

And would subvert our laws ! plant anarchy, discord, and confusion, where peace and amity should flourish. Too well I know their sanguinary intention.

Hagar.

Consider their strength ! their number by far exceeds ours !

Aram.

Babble not thy fear to me ; to die in a good cause were happiness ; to live and countenance a bad one, misery. Which would my gallant countrymen prefer ?

Arabs altogether.

Death ! Death !

Aram.

Then hie we to the mountains, there rest secure until we can muster force to attack them ; eventually they'll fall beneath our avenging swords.

Arabs altogether.

Lead on, we'll follow thee.

Hagar

(3)

Hagar, to Aram.

Thy words have penetrated to my heart ! by thee will I be guided, and though we should not conquer, prove that we have the courage to die, rather than owe our safety to our country's disgrace.

NOTE.—OF THE WAR OF ARAM. *Aram.*

Now, Hagar, by my sword I like thee well ! When we desert our country, may Heaven, when most we are in need of mercy, desert us.

[Drums and trumpets.]

Hagar.

Hark ! the troops already disembarked advance this way ! Haste we to the mountains and collect our strength ; away !

[Military music.]

The Arabians rapidly ascend the heights, every thing appears in the greatest confusion, the Camels, &c. are driven away ; *Fetnab*, with another party of the Arabians are driven in by the French troops, in the national uniform, who pursue them up the mountains ; *Fetnab* is overtaken, and hurried back again, who, much alarmed, drops on her knees to the French officer as petitioning for mercy.

[Music ceases.]

Fetnab.

Oh ! in mercy suffer me to pass ! If thy intentions are friendly, as fain thou wouldst persuade us, why adopt these acts of violence ?

First French Officer.

Fair damsel arise, thy savage countrymen refuse our proffered terms of amity.

B 2

Fetnab

(4)

Fetnab.

Twas nobly done ! my gallant countrymen, Heaven will reward thy steady allegiance to our much loved chief.

First French Officer.

And hast thou the temerity, to my face, to avow this ?

Fetnab.

Lovest thou thy country ?

First French Officer.

Most truly.

Fetnab.

Then learn to respect that of another's !—At the hazard of thy life wouldst thou defend thy country's rights and privileges ?

First French Officer.

So long as I had strength to wield my sword.

Fetnab.

Against a desperate band of bold invaders ?

First French Officer.

I tell thee, girl, I would. But why these interrogations ?

Fetnab.

If thou wouldst do all this, canst thou condemn my countrymen ? Their rights, their laws, and privileges, are as dear to them as thine to thee ; though they do not uphold them by sanguinary acts of oppression.

First French Officer.

Peace ! simple girl, we would release thee from slavery,

slavery, plant the tree of liberty on thy soil, and make thy countrymen happy ; happy as are the natives of the country from whence I came.

Fetnab.

If happiness consists in acts of injustice and cruelty, acts of rude barbarity and savage murder, then are thy countrymen to be envied !

First French Officer.

In my presence, how durst thou thus presume ?

[Seizes her hand.

Fetnab.

Unhand me, ruffian.

First French Officer.

Nay, struggle not, resistance would be folly.

Fetnab.

On my knees I supplicate.

First French Officer.

Tis in vain you sue for mercy, arise ! Thy admonitions to thy countrymen may be dangerous. Follow me.

Fetnab (with firmness).

Tyrant, never.

First French Officer.

Then must I compel thee.

[Seizes her rudely.

Second French Officer, with several of the French soldiery, drag *Hagar* rapidly down the mountain. *First Officer* releases *Fetnab*, and turns to observe them, a party of the soldiers surround her to prevent her escaping.

First

(6)

First French Officer.

Whom have we here ?

Second French Officer.

That, good Sir, we know not ; we detected him in his flight across the mountains, where the Arabs are making head to oppose us.

Hagar.

What do I see ! my wife a captive !

Fetnah.

My husband ! now then is my misery complete.

[They rush into each others arms.

First French Officer.

His wife ! tear them asunder.

[Soldiers with violence separate them.

First French Officer.

Say, art thou friendly to our interest ?

Hagar (firmly).

If being firmly attached to my country will rank me with thy friends, thou sayest truly, I am friendly to thy interest.

First French Officer.

Less hauteur, young man, would better suit thy years.

Hagar.

What wouldest thou of me ?

First French Officer.

Obedience.

Hagar.

If my life, take it ; it may open the way to plunder, for such I deem thy friendly intention.

First

First French Officer.

Such another reply, and thou diest.

Fetnah.

Oh ! my husband !

First French Officer.

Such information as is requisite to forward our design, we demand of thee ; and, mark me, deceive me not, for thy life's the forfeit.

Hagar.

Thy menace I despise, as I do thee.

First French Officer.

Bear him instantly to execution.

Fetnah.

Oh ! mercy ! mercy !

[Struggling in vain to free herself from the soldiery ; others seize on Hagar and are forcing him away.]

First French Officer.

Hold ! release him. I'll probe him deeper. Dost thou consent to give the information we demand of thee ?

Hagar.

Eternal torments rack me if I do.

First French Officer.

Thou'l repent it.

Hagar.

I am prepared to suffer, why delays thy hand to execute ? Such bloody purposes suit thy sanguinary disposition well ; nor does thy countenance belie thy practice, though the sunshine of mercy seldom illumines

lumines the features of a wretch, whose heart scorns to possess one particle of philanthropy.

First French Officer.

Miscreant ! insulted by the slave whom with my breath I could annihilate ! Lead his wife to immediate execution ; him we'll reserve and torture for his insolence.

Hagar.

My wife ! eternal Providence ! Now thou hast struck me in a vulnerable part ! Oh ! hold, in mercy hold awhile.

First French Officer.

Grant what we request of thee, and thy wife is safe.

Hagar.

Will nothing satisfy thee short of my becoming a traitor to my country ?

First French Officer.

Nothing.

Hagar.

O ! do not make me hate myself.

First French Officer.

Answer, dost thou consent ?

Hagar.

I know not what to do ! Oh ! my wife !

First French Officer.

I am not to be trifled with ; answer to the question, dost thou consent ?

[*Fetnah, breaking from the soldiers, and advancing haughtily to the French Officer.*

Fetnah.

Fetnab.

Tyrant ! never. Better to die than live to be despised. Oh ! my husband !

[Falls into Hagar's arms and weeps.

Hagar.

Oh ! that ever I should live to see a day like this ! our little ones ! what will become of them ?—Can nothing move thee ? [To First French Officer.]

First French Officer.

Rise ! I am inflexible.

T R I O.

Fetnab and Hagar.

O hear us while entreating,
Be generous we pray ;
That hope our fond hearts meeting,
May drive our care away.

First French Officer.

In vain, in vain, you seek redress,
I listen not to your distress.

First French Officer.

No more, bring them this way ; we'll conduct them to our gallant commander. By this time the remainder of our troops must have nearly disembarked ; then we'll plant the tree of liberty, and if its root be moistened with the blood of the natives, 'twill thrive the better ! Away.

[Exit dragging Hagar and Fetnab after them.

Drums, trumpets, &c.

C

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Military Music.

A view of Alexandria, the French fleet, troops disembarking, numbers are seen on the coast, having previously effected a landing, as the last boat makes the shore, loud huzzas.

S C E N E III.

An Arabian March.

Another part of the country near Alexandria—Enter *Amtem*, marching at the head of a numerous body of Arabs, he forms them in a line, points to the sea coast to remind them the enemy is at hand, they cross their swords in token of fidelity to *Abdalla* their chief; he then leads them off in good order.

S C E N E IV.

March continues.

An Arabian encampment, *Abdalla's* tent in the front; Arabians are seen in various parts of the camp; *Amtem* enters with the former party, the others come forward, they form a line altogether—*Abdalla* enters from his tent.

[*Music ceases.**Abdalla.*

Friends, and brother warriors, now is the time to prove your attachment to your country, the enemy is at hand, and would, under the mask of friendship and hypocrisy, hurl you from freedom and independence, into the most abject state of slavery! would abolish our laws! laws, which for a series of years we have been happy in submitting to: laws which were instituted for the general good, and which

which have fully answered the purpose for which they were designed. Shall we then suffer them to be overturned, and quietly permit ambitious Frenchmen to triumph in our ruin ?

Arabs altogether.

Never, never.

Abdalla.

Say then, are ye content to face these bold invaders, that would annihilate our rights and ancient privileges, and lay our country waste ?

Arabs altogether.

Most willingly.

Amtem.

Alla preserve our chief, our country, and its laws !

Abdalla.

Countrymen, I thank ye. I'll lead you on to battle ; remember 'tis for every thing we fight. Death ! or victory !

Arabs altogether.

Death ! or victory ! Alla preserve our chief.

Abdalla.

Should we prove successful, how sweet will be the reflection that our united efforts preserved our country. O ! 'twill be a rich reward. While our daring foes, even should fortune smile upon their endeavours, will be painfully the reverse. Did man know the horrid stings of remorse ever incidental to those that voluntarily perpetrate acts against reason, and their own reproving consciences, were he as bold as

a lion, he'd want the resolution to become a villain !
Now then, my gallant countrymen, I'll lead you on
to glory ; reinstate the olive of peace in our domi-
nion, and crown it with the laurel of victory.

[Same March again.

Abdalla, at the head of his troops, is marching off, when, suddenly, the drums and trumpets of the enemy are heard, he quickly forms the line again, and awaits their approach.

[Music ceases.

Abdalla.

The enemy approaches ! Prepare for action.

[Drums and trumpets.

The French troops enter on the opposite side of the stage, *Hagar* and *Fetnab* still prisoners—First French Officer starts back astonished at the formidable appearance of the Arabs, then hastily arranges his troops on the side they entered.

[Drums and trumpets cease.

Abdalla, to First French Officer.

Say, whom art thou, and what thy base intention,
that thus invad'st our territory ?

Hagar.

Heaven be praised, our much loved Chief ! Li-
berty once more dawns upon us.

Breaks from the soldiers and hastens to *Abdalla*, they embrace—
Hagar then darts back again to *Fetnab*, the soldiers surprized
at the number of the Arabs permit him to release her.

First French Officer.

And whom, rash man, art thou, that thus pre-
sumes to interrogate ?

Abdalla

Abdalla.

One that will oppress the oppressor, and redress
the injured.

First French Officer.

No more! In the name of the high and mighty
great and powerful Republic of France, I command
you instantly to lay down your arms, or expect the
punishment due to disobedience.

Abdalla.

Presumptuous mortal! But my answer's in my
sword!—Remember our country, our rights, our
privileges! Death! or victory!

Fetnah.

O Heaven!

[*Much agitated, is hurried away by Hagar.*

WARLIKE MUSIC.

[*Drums and trumpets the whole time of the battle.*
The two parties engage, the Arabs are at first repulsed—*Abdalla*
seeing his troops retreating, suddenly darts from *First French Officer*, whom he is engaging, into the thickest part of the
French soldiery; the Arabs, animated by his conduct, again,
with renovated courage rush forward, the French troops are
beaten back, when *Abdalla* again encounters his first oppo-
nent, and slays him.—The Arabs are a second time nearly
overpowered by the French, *Abdalla* again throws himself
amidst the enemy, and their defeat is completed; *Amtem*
only is left fighting with the *Second French Officer*, has nearly
overcome him, when his antagonist takes a pistol from his
girdle and discharges it, *Amtem* falls; at that instant *Hagar* en-
ters and attacks him, after an obstinate contest runs him
through the body, he falls—shouts of victory are heard, as
Hagar exultingly hastens off.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Another part of the country.

[Slow Music.]

Hagar enters supporting Fetnah (who appears much agitated).

[Music ceases.]

*Hagar.**Cheerly, cheerly love, we are safe from danger now.**Fetnah.**Ah ! me. But how fare our gallant countrymen ?**Hagar.**As men should fare, fighting for all that is dear to them. Better some fall, than all to live in bondage. And may the abject wretch that would not die for his country's weal, live to be despised.**Fetnah.**May the avenging hand of retribution, sink into dust the inhuman despoilers of our land.**Hagar.**But who comes here ?**Enter Yareb, and numbers of the Arabians.**Hagar.**How fare the noble Abdalla, and our gallant warriors ?**Yareb.**Scarcely had they conquered the daring host that first assailed them, when strait another numerous band came forward ; further resistance at that time would*

would have been in vain, wherefore they retreated to the mountains, there to wait a reinforcement.

Hagar.

And our enemies are—

Yareb.

Marching up the country ; but soon our hardy veterans will close their mad career.

[*Shouts of exultation heard.*]

Enter Aram.

Hagar.

Say, good Aram, what mean these sudden shouts of joy ?

Aram.

The British warriors, riding majestically o'er the foaming surges, hasten to our relief ; soon will the Gallic fleet be dashed to atoms ; or else conveyed in triumph to Old Albion, to add fresh laurels to the English Admiral's brow.

Hagar.

Hail ! happy warriors, of a happy nation ; long may true freedom, under the auspices of a Monarch beloved, cheer the hearts of Englishmen : in war, they were ever victorious, justice leads them on, Providence smiles upon their endeavours, and crowns them with success.

Aram.

Soon must our foes be conquered, their retreat cut off, our increasing strength must soon subdue them ; while British colours ride triumphant o'er the main.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Joyous your voices raise,
With thanks and songs of praise ;
To that great Power above,
That can our foes remove.

Soon may we,
Happily,
Hail peace and unity ;
Then live we,
Merrily,
In love and amity.

Fernab.

Soon shall the hostile band,
Be driven from our land ;
In Providence we trust,
Which ne'er forsakes the just.

Soon redress'd,
The oppres'd,
Will be who in Him trust,
That ne'er forsakes the just.

C H O R U S.

Joyous your voices, &c.

Hagar.

To honor's call attend,
Your country's rights defend ;
'Tis then our song should be,
Death ! death ! or victory !

Soon redress'd,
The oppres'd,
Will be who in Him trust,
That ne'er forsakes the just.

C H O R U S.

Joyous your voices raise,
With thanks and songs of praise ;

To that great Power above,
That can our foes remove.
Soon may we,
Happily,
Hail peace and unity ;
Then live we,
Merrily,
In love and amity.

S C E N E VI.

BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

A view of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, as making preparation to receive the English, which are at first discovered at a distance, bearing down upon them under a press of sail ; soon after the attack commences, the English pass through their line ; during the contest, the French Admiral's ship (the *L'Orient*) is blown up, with a dreadful explosion, shortly after, a second is destroyed in a similar way, four ships are observed to make their escape, the remainder strike their colours and are captured by the British force.

The battle over, a grand procession of British naval officers and sailors, bearing the trophies of various nations, that have formerly been conquered by the English ; a numerous train of Arabians follow, superbly dressed, after the custom of the country ; two complete bands of music, one precedes the British naval officers and sailors, the other the Arabians, fills up the procession.

[General Chorus, during the procession.

When loud Britannia's thunders roll,
To crush oppression's baleful reign,

D

Injustice

Injustice dies ! from pole to pole,
 The gen'rous victor's praise proclaim,
 Long live great George, Old England's King,
 To celebrate his worth, we sing.

At the conclusion (*Music still continues*) of the Chorus, a heavy cloud descends gradually upon the ocean, which as it almost imperceptibly opens, discovers a brilliant full length transparent portrait of Admiral NELSON—Neptune, in a splendid car, drawn by sea horses, arises from the water, in one hand he bears his trident, and in the other a wreath of laurel, with which he graces the brow of the British conqueror.

Britannia enters, followed by emblematical representations of Peace, Commerce, Plenty, &c. &c.

As Britannia advances, the trophies are dropped at her feet, the standard of Great-Britain displayed over her head, and the music sounds, once over, the first part of *God save the King*.

The following song, by a Naval Officer, concludes the whole :—

When from afar the hostile train,
 Of France is seen to ride the main ;
 Our wooden walls, by Nelson led,
 Soon strike the haughty foe with dread.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

Hail ! pow'rful England, great and free ;
 Hail ! mighty rulers of the sea ;
 Hail ! hail ! great Nelson, Britons hail !
 Where justice leads, he'll e'er prevail.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Fame's

(19)

Fame's silver trumpet loud shall sound,
His gallant deeds proclaim around,
By noble Godlike valour done,
Immortal laurels, bravely won.

CHORUS

*Rule Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

[Drums, trumpets, &c. as the curtain drops.]



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